

# Jacksonville

# Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

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ones, whose expression matched Maude's lips as she replied:

"Of course I know all that—John consulted me about the parlor carpet and the bed room suit. But I ask you if you knew what it was all for?"

Jessamine looked surprised.

"All for? Why for nothing, but to have the house look nice and more fashionable. What else would it be for?"

Maude spread her rustling silk skirt over the clean steps, as she sat down.

"Is it possible that you don't know more than that, Jessie?"

Why didn't you guess there was going to be a wedding?"

The gray eyes opened suddenly wider.

"A wedding? Why, no! Whose wedding, Maude?"

There was a slow drawing of white pain on her face; of which she was not conscious; but Maude saw it and was satisfied.

"You baby! Why, John's of course! Whose would it be?"

Her earnest, pain-stricken eyes were looking so searchingly into Maude's face, and Maude blushed and turned away in a pretty confusion of manner, that startled Jessamine with the truth.

"How do you suppose I know, Jessie, unless—unless—"

Jessamine studied the pang that was tearing at her heart, and finished the coquettishly hesitating sentence:

"Unless you have a right to know, Maude. Tell me, please, her name?"

Her heart told her who it was—she did not need to have Maude's lips confirm the truth she felt in her own soul; and yet she felt that if there was a shadow of a possibility that she was mistaken, Maude's were the lips to tell her so. So, with an agonizing little prayer, away down in her heart, that she might be mistaken, she put the question.

And Maude laughed, and evaded it gracefully.

"I was afraid you wouldn't like it, Jessie, knowing so well as I do that you are in love with John yourself, and—"

"Maude Trevanian, stop!"

Jessamine fairly gasped the words, and her face grew white and stony; but Maude went on—softly, gently, mercilessly:

"I speak in all kindness, dear, and you will thank me some day—when John's wife comes, and you will find what I have said is true, that you will no longer be welcome in the house where you will almost be a rival to her. You will thank me for telling you, so that you can get away without anybody's feelings being hurt—for of course the future Mrs. John Horton will not want you here, and the old people would hate to send you away, delicate, weak as you are."

"A hot, scarlet flush rushed over Jessamine's face. This from the 'future Mrs. John Horton' herself!"

"No one shall send me!" she exclaimed, passionately. "I know as well as you I have no business here, and you can tell the future Mrs. Horton I will never trouble her!"

The sweet, pained voice quivered, and she walked hurriedly away, as if the brilliantly beautiful face was a Medusa head; while Maude's red lips slowly curved into a smile of triumph, contempt, satisfaction, as she watched the slender, willowy figure.

"She is dispensed with, at all events. As if I hadn't read both her secret and her pride! And with her out of the sight of John Horton, it shall not be my fault if he does not propose to me, as that credulous little fool thinks he has already done! We will see whether or not the new furniture is for John's wedding and—mine!"

The round harvest moon was coming slowly up the dark blue sky, looking like a great golden ball, and Jessamine, with her eyes looking as if they had never known a tear, so bright and clear they were, for all she had been crying all the afternoon, for all her foolish little heart was throbbing and pulsing with pain—Jessamine was waiting, beside the big, flagrant, syringa bush, for John Horton to come.

"I will hear it from his own lips, that he is going to be married to Maude Trevanian, and if he is, I will go away to New York, where I will be able to earn my living in some of the stores I've heard Maude tell about—where I will not be in their way."

And she stifled the sobs she felt were coming, as John Horton's firm, quick footsteps sounded near by, and the tall, handsome fellow came striding along in the golden moonlight, looking grand, manly enough to win any girl's heart.

He stopped short when he saw her, and took her hand caressingly in his and drew it through his arm.

"Waiting for me, Jessie? That's good of you, puss. What a glorious night it is!"

Jessamine plucked up all her courage.

"I was waiting for you, John, to ask you—whether or not—whether it is true—whether—if—John, it is really true you are going to be married?"

Her sweet face was pale with earnestness, and John looked down on it, half amused, half gravely tender.

"What of it, dear? Surely you will not be disappointed? Tell me who told you, Jessie?"

Her face was averted, for her rebellious lips were trembling—he had as good as admitted it.

"Never mind, John—I heard it, and I wanted to know if I was true, so I might tell you how truly happy I hope you will be."

John caressed her fingers softly, a soft, subdued light on his face, a great tenderness in his handsome eyes.

"Truly happy? I could not fail of being perfectly happy, Jessie, with the

darling I have dared hope—Oh, Maude, I beg pardon! We came very near running over you!"

And seeing how easy Miss Trevanian accepted her own intrusion—no, of course it could not be an intrusion, when John was her lover—little Jessamine stole away, with her last hope crushed, her one earthly happiness trampled down.

"I will go—I must go! I should die if I stayed here and saw them!"

And while Miss Trevanian sang sentimental songs on the front piazza, and John Horton sat tilted back in his chair, listening and thinking—we shan't tell what—Jessamine was quietly explaining to "Auntie Horton," in the kitchen, the necessity of her own future dependence on her own exertions, and succeeded in coaxing from that gentle yielding old lady the direction of a distant relative in the city, who might aid in procuring her a pleasant situation.

"Whatever John will say, I don't think," she began plaintively; but Jessamine smiled faintly.

"John will not care, and he need not know until after I am gone. He and Maude are so much taken up with each other, they'll never miss me, and I shall really like it so."

Mrs. Horton stared through her gold-rimmed glasses at the girl's truthful, lovely face, and then, when she turned around to peep at the sponge just set, a grand, motherly smile broadened her dear old face.

The afternoon sunshine came hot and bright through the one uncurtained window of the forlorn little station, where Jessamine was patiently sitting, waiting for the three fifteen train, that should take her up—away from the sweet, wide, country she had known all her life—away from John Horton and the dear old home—and deposit her among the bustle and confusing strangeness, and stifling heat, and crowded misery of the metropolis.

She was unpeppably miserable and home-sick. The red chimney of the farm-house, gleaming picturesquely among the button-balls a quarter-mile away, seemed thousands of miles distant, judging by the lonely pain she felt, sitting there, solitary, on her self-instituted term of banishment, and shrinking off in one corner of the car-seat, after the long, dusty, striking train had stopped a second, in obedience to the little red flag she had hung out, and then dashed on, away into the new, strange world—the new, strange, lonely life.

It was dark when she reached the city—hot, breathless, and horribly noisy and dirty. And oh, what had Maude Trevanian told her John would not care for her after he was married? What had made everything so miserable and tangled up, and desolate?

Her tears were coming in great salt gushes, and she was wearily getting up, little shawl and big satchel together, to leave the almost deserted train, with a heart heavier than lead, when a firm hand was laid on her shoulder, and her name, in a low, reproachful tone, was almost whispered in her ear.

"Jessamine?"

She turned startled at first—then, with a sudden blush at her heart, met John Horton's eyes.

"You would persist in running away from home, and I was just as persistent in following you, Jessie! I just caught the train—by the rear car, too. So you are trying to get away from me, are you, Jessamine?"

Her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, John, how could I stay after what she said? I would much rather go than be told I wasn't wanted, or to stay and be unwelcome! You have been so good to me, John!"

John's face was a perfect picture of bewilderment.

"Really, I cannot fathom one word of all this mystery, Jessie. Who told you that you were likely to be unwelcome at my house or my mother's home?"

He had coolly captured her satchel and shawl, and was looking at her very curiously.

"Your betrothed, John—and she ought to know, Miss Trevanian—"

John's lips suddenly parted over his handsome teeth.

"Oh! yes, I see! And so I am engaged to Miss Trevanian, am I? Jessie—"

You jealous, loving little darling! I never thought of being engaged to her—bold, scheming creature!—nor is there but one girl in the world I would be engaged to, Jessie, look at me, and see in my eyes who she is! Tell me if she says yes, after my chasing her a hundred miles for the answer!"

And Miss Trevanian paid her board-bill, with the inward conviction that the Hortons and she would remain apart for the future, which conviction was well sustained by the Hortons; while, to dear, foolish, loving, jealous Jessamine came such undreamed-of happiness that it more than a thousand-fold atoned.

A Promise.

A promise should be given with caution and kept with care. A promise should be made with the heart, and remembered by the head. A promise is the offspring of the intention, and should be nurtured by recollection. A promise and its performance should, like a true balance, always present a mutual adjustment. A promise neglected is justice deferred. A promise neglected is an untruth told. A promise attended to is a debt settled.

## WHY HE DIDN'T.

"But, Judge, you never told me why you did not marry Miss Van Horn. We all thought that matter was settled, but suddenly we were surprised by the news that you had married a stranger in the city, and Helen Van Horn was left disconsolate. I wonder what has become of her; she must have married well, however, she had a fine chance to choose, for there was scarcely a good match in the city that was not at her command at one time."

"Yes, yes," answered the gentleman addressed—Judge Hume; a distinguished, hand-ome, intelligent-looking man of about forty-five years of age; a successful lawyer, who had some years before been raised to the judicial bench almost by acclamation—"no woman could have married better than Helen Van Horn. Why I did not marry her is a short, simple story, not without a moral; and I will tell it if you care to hear it. I have never told it before, even to my wife, ludicrous as some of its phases are. So take a cigar—you will find it a good one—and hear how, possibly, Helen Van Horn is not Mrs. Hume to-day."

"You knew her father," began the Judge, "and will remember that he was reputed to be very rich. However, it turned out, upon his death, and after his debts were paid, that there was left a mere pittance for Helen, obliging her, the petted child of fortune, to live with extreme economy ever since."

"Do you mean to say that she has never married?" asked his guest.

"Married!" repeated Hume; "no indeed! and in that may be seen the moral of my story to which I referred. But do not let us anticipate; let us begin at the beginning."

"One evening, going to fulfil an engagement with Miss Van Horn, as the servant ushered me unannounced into the parlor, I found her engaged in an animated conversation with a singularly handsome young man, who, I saw at a glance, might readily become a formidable rival, and I felt for the instant a sharp pang of that unnamable, disconcerting passion, jealousy. But as my entrance had been unobserved, I was able to recover myself before saying, in my blandest manner, 'Good evening.'"

The gentleman started, and still returned my bow. As for Helen, with suffused cheeks she said, 'Why, Mr. Hume, I did not hear you at all; you are absolutely as gentle as a lamb.'"

"Somewhat angry at her satirical tone, I observed that she was engaged in conversation and probably did not hear me enter, and added that I had called to attend her to the gallery to see the picture she was anxious about."

"But really, Mr. Hume," she said, somewhat confusedly, looking from the stranger to me, 'I had entirely forgotten all about it, and so promised Mr. Churchill to accompany him to see 'Richelle' to-night.'"

"I glanced toward the stranger and he returned the glance with a slight frown on his face. Miss Van Horn continued, 'But oh! I beg your pardon, gentlemen, I had forgotten you were not acquainted with each other. Mr. Hume, this is my friend, Mr. Churchill, of Richmond,' and she carelessly fell back into the chair, from which she had half risen for the moment."

"I am sorry Miss Van Horn, she still lives in single blessedness, and upon the memory of her many conquests, flouting her chief gratification for some years past in recounting the various eligible offers she had refused, including always Churchill and myself among her rejected suitors. A heavy speculation into which De Stultus had been beguiled about the time of Miss Van Horn's triple engagements for the same evening, resulted so disastrously for him that her doors were at once rigidly closed upon that admirer, who disappeared like a quenched meteor from society. Meanwhile occurred the death of old Mr. Van Horn, which, as I have said, left the daughter no other attraction than mere physical beauty, that had now become so used that it ceased to please marriageable men, and she was no longer able to make three engagements for one evening."

"Hers has indeed been a life of lost opportunities."

He would have it.

The demand for blue glass has been so great during the past few weeks that an advertiser in the paper, whose stock was nearly exhausted, resorted to the following method to obtain exorbitant prices for what he had left.

A customer comes in and asks: "Have you any blue glass?"

"Yes, we have a little; I believe, one pane. What do you want for it? Is it for a lady or gentleman?"

"It is for my wife."

"Well, the glass used for ladies has been so much called for, that we have only a few feet left."

Customer: "Well, I must have some, it can get it. I have been to several places."

Salesman: Take a seat, sir, and I will send back and see. Tom, have we any No. 84 left?"

Tom: "I will look." Hunts for blue glass, and returns saying there is just one piece, about 7x13.

Salesman: "Well, we don't want to sell it; we are very sorry, sir."

Customer: "I will give you your own price for that piece?"

Salesman: "Well, you can have it for two dollars; but I would rather keep it." And he got his price.

The New York Open Stock Board has disbanded, and the Gold Board will close up May 1st.

## The Silk-Worm.

Is a caterpillar and if it lived through the existence intended for it would eventually become a moth, which naturalists call a bombyx. It was discovered a great many years ago that they produced a fine article of silk which might be used with advantage in the manufacture of different garments; in other words that "there was money in them." Consequently they have since been carefully fed and treated. The caterpillar thrives best upon the leaves of the white mulberry. After hatching from the egg it feeds voraciously, moults three or four times, and attains a length of about three inches, being of a pale green color. It now ceases eating and prepares the cocoon in which it is to pass the chrysalis state. If you would know the exact method in which this cocoon is constructed you have only to capture a few of the large green caterpillars so common upon the willow during summer and watch them for they both perform the operation in exactly the same manner. They are near relatives to each other. The substance from which the silk is produced is contained in two long sacs, one on either side of the body. A thread from each sac passes through a tube or duct in the front of the head, where they are cemented together by a kind of gum forming one thread. The caterpillar first forms a loose, irregular structure, inside of which it constructs the firm outer cocoon of one continued thread by moving his head around from point to point in a zig zag course. If left alone he would after a while complete his development, make his way through the end of the cocoon and become a handsome moth. But under cultivation, by steaming or otherwise the greater part of the chrysalids are killed within the cocoon. By placing the cocoon in warm water the gummy cement is softened, so that the silk may be reeled off. The cocoon of one healthy caterpillar will produce from 600 to 1,000 yards of silk thread.

Although what I have told you has been in great part only interesting facts in the history of insects, you may have noticed that in the investigation of the embryology and metamorphosis of insects, other facts have been discovered which in a commercial point of view are of incalculable value to us, and from which we are all of us every day deriving benefit.

The discrimination of noxious insects from those we can utilize, the medicinal properties of certain species and the finding out of the exact stage at which time insects are most damaging to our crops, and the best means of preventing the same, are all subjects of great importance to us.

## The Little Bear.

The Little Bear is a small but most interesting constellation. I do not think that the Little Bear, like the larger one, was so named because of any imagined resemblance to a bear. The original constellation of the Great Bear was much older than the Little Bear, and so many different nations agreed in comparing the group to a bear, that there must have been real resemblance to that animal in the constellation as first figured. Later, when stars came to be arranged by astronomers who had never seen bears, they supposed the three bright stars forming the handle of the Dipper to represent the tail of the bear, though the bear is not a long-tailed animal. They thus set three stars for the bear's tail, and the quadrangle of stars forming the dipper for the bear's body. It was not formed by fanciful folks in the childhood of the world, but by astronomers. Yet it must not be imagined that the constellation is a modern one. It not only belongs to old Ptolemy's list, but is mentioned by Aratus, who borrowed his astronomy from Eudoxus, who "flourished" (as the school-books call it) about 300 years before the Christian era. It is said that the Thales formed the constellation, in which case it must have reached the respectable age of about 3500 years.

But if the Little Bear is not a very fine animal, it is a most useful constellation. From the time when the Phoenicians were celebrated merchant seamen as the Venetians afterward became, and as the English speaking nations now are, this star-group has been the cynosure of every sailor's regard. In fact, the word "cynosure" was originally a name given either to the whole of this constellation or to a part of it. Cynosure has become quite a poetical expression in our time, but it means literally "the dog's tail."

Admiral Smyth gives some particulars about the two stars in the Little Bear called the "guardians of the pole." "Recorder" tells us, he says, "in the 'Castle of Knowledge,' nearly three hundred years ago, that navigators used two pointers in Ursa—"

many do call the Shafia, and others do name the Guardians, after the Spanish topographer Richard Eden, in 1584, published his 'Arte de Navigation,' and therein gave rules for the 'starrs,' among which are special directions for the two called the guards, in the month of the 'horne,' as the figure was called. (The pole-star would mark the small end of the horne.) "How often," says Hervey in his 'Meditations,' "have these stars beamed bright intelligence on the sailor and conducted the keel to its destined haven?"—St. Nicholas.



Col. John Forsyth, editor of the Mobile Register, died at his residence in Mobile Wednesday the 2nd, aged 66 yrs. He was the most distinguished editor in the South, and under Buchanan's administration was Minister to Mexico. In social life he was cultivated, amiable and beloved. In public life he was honored throughout the whole country for the sincerity of his convictions, his honesty of purpose, his devotion to principle and his unswerving integrity.

For more than a year he had been in bad health, and now the dispatches bring us the mournful intelligence that his noble spirit has winged its flight from the walks of men forever. One by one the "old guard" is passing away, and it is but late to those of us who are to come after them to resolve to emulate their virtues while we drop a tear to their memory.

Wm. G. Brownlow, one of the most notable characters of the day, is dead.

The paralysis with which he has been afflicted for years extended to his bowels and killed him in about three hours.

He was born in Wythe county, Va., in the year 1805, and was brought up as a carpenter. He became a Methodist minister in 1826, and soon distinguished himself as a fierce controversialist. In 1837 he became editor of the Knoxville Whig and won a wider reputation as the "Fighting Parson." At the outbreak of the war he proved a traitor to Tennessee and the South. He was arrested by the Confederate authorities and held for some time. In 1862 he was sent North, where he remained and with his pen honed on the war against the land of his birth. Under the plan of reconstruction in 1865 he was elected Governor of Tennessee, in which capacity he practiced a wholesale system of disfranchisement, and addressed himself to the task of killing out the Democratic press of Tennessee, in which latter undertaking he signally failed. In 1867 and 1869 he was elected to the United States Senate, where he proved more conservative than ever before, probably for lack of energy to pursue his hates, the heavy hand of disease being already upon him. At the expiration of his term of office he returned to editorial life and up to the time of his death supported President Hayes' policy of pacification of the South. His remarkable mind was clear to the last moments of his most eventful life.

**THE CANDIDATES.**—We are gratified beyond measure that the canvass has progressed so far, with such a number of gentlemen in the field as there is, in a spirit so friendly and amiable as it seems to have done. So far we have not heard of one single "campaign lie" being launched on the canvass; and we have yet to hear one candidate speak of his opponent in any other terms than those of courtesy. This argues that all who are running are gentlemen who scorn to stoop to conquer, and tend greatly to relieve from embarrassment the friends of the various candidates. Let them keep the canvass up in this spirit and it will redound to the honor of our country. And why may they not? Or why should the people of Calhoun suffer themselves to be placed at dagger's points over this little family matter of our own, in which next August we will simply hire men to do work for us the next three years? Should we take any of them, we could not go far wrong, for they are all good men. So let us not fall out about it if we do not all agree on the same men. The candidates are setting us voters a good example, in keeping cool, for which they deserve all honor and praise. Let us imitate their example.

The mail from Montgomery missed us Thursday evening, or we should have had a letter from Mobile for publication this issue.

Roumania, which the dispatches tell us has virtually declared war against Turkey, has a population of five millions and can put a hundred thousand men in the field. Charles, the reigning Prince, is about thirty-seven years old, and is ambitious to be King of Roumania.

Noahiah Woodruff is trying it on a gain. This time it is for Mayor of Selma.

All the indications point to a general European war. The first powers likely to be engaged are Austria, England, Italy, France and Germany.

Bulgaria and Roumania, destined to be the theatre of the great war, is historic territory. It was on the lower plains of the Danube that the legions of Cyrus were slaughtered by the arrows of the Scythians; there Alexander the Great fought the barbarians of the North; there was the scene of the early wars between the Christians and the Turks, and there, in the language of Napoleon Bonaparte, "the destiny of Europe is yet to be determined." Has the fulness of time come? It looks like it.

Russia was square out against the South during our civil war. Turkey was like the little girl that the calf run over.

The up train passes here so soon now that we cannot always get our Northern mail off Friday evening, but subscribers may look out for it every Saturday—the day of publication—dead certain.

They call the new party that Hayes & Co. are trying to build up the White Republican party. We like the old name Democrat better and its principles are good enough to suit us. Many may be inclined to run off after this new political god, but our advice is to hold fast to the faith of the fathers.

The Radical never showed any regard for the Democratic party while it was sick from wounds of the war, but as soon as it got well enough to return blow for blow, they suddenly acquired a respect for it—the cowards.

Does anybody believe Hayes would have pursued his Southern policy if the bottom rail had still been on top in all the Southern States and the Radical party perfectly independent of the white men of the South? Not by a darned sight. All that has been gained to the South has been a forced concession to the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives and we have nobody to thank for the death of the carpet-bagger but the Democrats.

LETTER FROM MONTGOMERY.

MONTGOMERY, MAY 1st, 1877.

Ensl. REPUBLICAN.—We left Jacksonville on time, and found some acquaintances on the cars: some going to the Fair at Mobile, some to the Episcopal Convention and some to the Alabama Press Convention.

When we got about half way between Talladega and Calera we discovered considerable frost and it was quite white before we reached the latter place.

When we brought the news of frost, which did not reach this place, it produced some gloom, under the impression that it had killed cotton and corn that was up, and most kinds of tender garden vegetables, and possibly injured early wheat.

The election for mayor and aldermen has been going on here to-day. There is no opposition to the Democratic ticket for aldermen, and no fear but that the Democratic candidate for mayor will be elected. No excitement.

From present appearances we shall have a pretty full representation in the Press Convention.

We expect to go on to-night.

J. E. G.

War Dispatches.

April 30th.—England is getting all her men of war ready for sea with the utmost expedition.

Turkey and Germany are grumbling at each other.

Austria is snarling at Russia.

Roumania gives the Russians freedom to pass through her territory, use her railroads, subsidize her armies off her inhabitants, and other privileges which she denies to Turkey.

Germany will allow the Turks to occupy Khabulak, but will resist any further advance. It is estimated that 120,000 Russians have crossed the Pruth.

The inhabitants of Braila are ordered to move portable property within three days, as an attack from the Danube is expected. Fifteen thousand Russians are at Braila to repel the attack.

Turkish army of the Danube has been reinforced by 40,000 Circassians from Solia.

It is officially announced that the Khedive will support Turkey with men and material. Bousker announced in the House of Commons his belief that Egyptians were already on the Danube.

Russians advanced their siege train and attacked the Turks at Kars. Battle commenced Sunday.

The Russians are strongly fortifying Galatz, and putting together small gunboats brought there in sections.

The only Russian vessel has been suspended for two months for attacking the administration.

The Sultan goes to Stambul Thursday. The Russians, fearing English occupation of Clef, have ceased to excite patriotism there and stopped sending supplies.

A fire in Constantinople raged from 5 to 9 Sunday, five hundred houses being burned. Two women perished. Nooklie died in a fire.

The Russians have seized three Austria Lloyd steamers for carrying contraband. Austria has remonstrated.

There are strong expressions of sympathy for the Turks in Hungary.

WAR NOTES: Odessa is declared in a state of siege.

The Russians have completely obstructed the Danube at the mouth of the Pruth.

Recruiting and drilling are going on in Jewishland all over Arabia. Large numbers are volunteering everywhere.

The Scheriff of Mecca sends the Sultan 4,000 fully equipped troops.

The suspension of the Galas was caused by an article denouncing the necessity of making a vigorous war on the Jews.

The Porte gives official notice of no intention to carry on war on Serbian soil. Russia appears to have given similar assurance.

The London Times correspondent at Bucharest believes Russia will do nothing beyond occupying strategic points before going to war for Russia.

Without a Russian officer informs the correspondent that Russia is fully prepared to sacrifice 300,000 men in forcing the Danube, should circumstances compel immediate action in that direction.

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The Pope is receiving pilgrims. His general health is improved, but his physicians warn him against fatigue.

account of emergency work on which they are engaged, namely—the repair and preparation of a field train. Seven twelve ton naval guns have been shipped to Portsmouth, and four hundred tons of ammunition and arms are being shipped for Malta.

LONDON, May 1, P. M.—The Telegraph, in a special edition, has a Persa telegram which gives the following account of Lieut. Pasha's routing the blockade at Galatz, in his steamer Kethym: The Admiral left Rostek at night. On arriving at Galatz, which was guarded by torpedoes and heavy batteries, commanding the river, the lights on the steamer had been extinguished, but a rocket from the Roumanian shore showed that Lieut. Pasha's approach was discovered and apprized the Muscovite gunners. In his coming toward the batteries, the heavy guns began to fire, but the Kethym was run so close in shore that the gunners were unable to depress their pieces fast enough to get good aim. The Admiral only fired one shot, and the Kethym passed to the Black Sea safely.

May 2.—Price Milan invites Tcher-nayoff to resume command of the Serbian army.

Russian accounts say the Turks were driven back at Kars.

It is semi-officially published that England's military and naval preparations are for any possible contingency. Should necessity arise, every man would be at the right place at a moment's notice.

The Bay of Tunis offers the Porte 18,000 infantry and 5,000 cavalry, provided the Porte pays part of the transportation and equipment.

Germany having undertaken their protection, insists that Russian citizens shall remain in Turkey.

The Russian advance guard has reached Busen, on the railway between Bucharest and Galatz. The Grand Duke Nicholas remains at Jassy. His army moves leisurely.

5,000 fighting before Kars, on the 29th and 30th ult., is confirmed; the result is unknown.

The report that Russia, at the instance of Austria, promises to respect the neutrality of Servia is confirmed, and the Turks, in consequence abandoned the plan of occupying Gladova.

The coup by which the Russians seized the bridge at Harburg was executed by the well-known General Seebach.

Rumors of a convention between Russia and Austria, for the occupation of Turkey are discredited.

The Russians will postpone the Demu-ration of the Roumanian side, opposite Isakia, whence there is good road to the uplands of Daboudsch.

The Turkish islands are proceeding northward along the coast of the Black Sea.

Turkish divers destroyed eleven torpedoes at Pori.

The London Telegraph, in a leading article, points to the omission from the declaration of neutrality issued by the British Government, which appears in a paragraph which appeared in the declaration issued at the outbreak of the Franco-German war. The declaration then published contained the following: "We are firmly purposed and determined to abstain from taking any part, directly or indirectly in the war now unhappily existing between those sovereigns, and to maintain peaceful and friendly intercourse with each of them."

The Telegraph says: "This omission can hardly be accidental, nor under the exceptional circumstances of the present war, could the Government be expected to bind the country to an unconditional pacific course."

Reuter reports the Russians before Kars.

Roumania has, in effect, declared war against Turkey.

The Russian report that they have taken the fortress of Bagrad in Armenia. The only Russian vessel has been suspended for two months for attacking the administration.

The Sultan goes to Stambul Thursday. The Russians, fearing English occupation of Clef, have ceased to excite patriotism there and stopped sending supplies.

A fire in Constantinople raged from 5 to 9 Sunday, five hundred houses being burned. Two women perished. Nooklie died in a fire.

The Russians have seized three Austria Lloyd steamers for carrying contraband. Austria has remonstrated.

There are strong expressions of sympathy for the Turks in Hungary.

WAR NOTES: Odessa is declared in a state of siege.

The Russians have completely obstructed the Danube at the mouth of the Pruth.

Recruiting and drilling are going on in Jewishland all over Arabia. Large numbers are volunteering everywhere.

The Scheriff of Mecca sends the Sultan 4,000 fully equipped troops.

The suspension of the Galas was caused by an article denouncing the necessity of making a vigorous war on the Jews.

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ply in common with himself; interrupted the natural stream of geniality which intercourse, necessity and homogeneity of feeling began to pour from one section into the other. Where he did not happen to be a negro he was a mulatto. He was useful only to the impracticables as an eye-sore. His business was to make trouble, for he could only profit of disturbance.

But his career has come to an end. We shall see no more of him. In his room we shall see the enterprising Northern coming among us for work, not for office. We shall see him open his shop, set up his mill, or start his plough without any solicitude toward Washington. We shall see him a citizen, a neighbor, not a detective. As such we invite him, shall welcome him. We have a good soil, a fine climate, and many avenues to useful endeavor. Though a crude, the South is not a new country, and, of course, does not offer the same advantages as a region where the race is equalized in the starting point. But, nevertheless, the field is rich and fertile, and the time has come when solid investments may be made.—*Courier Journal.*

In a speech to colored citizens at Charleston during his recent visit to that city Governor Hampton said that the white people of the South would soon be the defenders of universal suffrage against Northern Republicans. He said that during his visit to Washington several prominent Republicans had expressed strong opposition to the restriction of the elective franchise, which he rejected emphatically. It is a curious fact that in the States of Rhode Island and New Hampshire, which distinctly Republican, such men as Governor Briggs and Governor Allen are aiming at the disfranchisement of the poorer classes in the cities of this State. The Governor's statement throws some light on the policy of the "new party," and suggests a strong reason for the change of name. Men calling themselves Republicans could hardly make disfranchisement their chief aim after having marched under the banner of suffrage so long.

**TRE PRESS ON HAYES.**

The Next Step.

From the Patterson Guardian.

The destruction of the Republican party being now insured, the first step of the Administration is the organization of its successor will probably be a movement, open or disguised, to restrict the electoral franchise. Universal suffrage is the child of Jeffersonian Democracy, and Republican advocacy of it with regard to the freedmen was based not upon principle but upon political expediency. Gov. Hampton told the colored citizens of South Carolina the other day that the white people of the South would soon be the defenders of universal suffrage against Northern Republicans. He said that during his visit to Washington several prominent Republicans had expressed strong opposition to the restriction of the elective franchise, which he rejected emphatically. It is a curious fact that in the States of Rhode Island and New Hampshire, which distinctly Republican, such men as Governor Briggs and Governor Allen are aiming at the disfranchisement of the poorer classes in the cities of this State. The Governor's statement throws some light on the policy of the "new party," and suggests a strong reason for the change of name. Men calling themselves Republicans could hardly make disfranchisement their chief aim after having marched under the banner of suffrage so long.

**Miller's Automatic Churn.**

The Ladies' best friend is found in this wonderful invention, patented January the 23rd, 1877. The greatest labor-saving machine ever introduced into the family circle. No family can afford to be without one after they have seen it. It is run by a spring, like an ordinary house clock, and gives the dasher an up and down stroke, which will add much to the cream and butter. It will bring the butter in from ten to fifteen minutes, and is provided with a fan which brushes away all flies or moths from the churn. While the application is new, the principle is old, and its durability well known to all. Any child ten years old can wind it up, and it needs no further attention until the work is all done.

**A BARE CHANCE FOR MEN OF SMALL CAPITAL TO MAKE A FORTUNE!**

You have seventeen years of indisputable right to any territory you may purchase. We will sell county rights in or exclusively to, any of the following territory. The North half of Alabama, East Tennessee and West Virginia. We sell to suit the times. Call and see our chart or address us at Jacksonville, Ala. **PALEY & WHITLEY.**

May 5 if

**Final Settlement Notice.**

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, }  
Calhoun County, }

Probate Court, April 30, 1877.

THIS day came Henry A. Evans, the administrator of said estate, and filed his report for a final settlement of his administration. It is ordered that the 26th day of May, 1877, be appointed a day on which to settle said estate, at which time all persons interested can appear and contest the said settlement, if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON,  
Judge of Probate.

May 5—3d.

**Annual Settlement Notice.**

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L. W. CANNON,  
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May 5—3d.

**Blank Waiver Notes.**

For sale at this Office.

Infection in the Air.

Experimental chemists have repeatedly analyzed the air at unhealthy seasons, in the hope of detecting the invisible virus which produces epidemic diseases. They have not yet discovered it, and scarcely any two of them agree as to its nature. This is a little consequence. It is sufficient to know that this poisonous principle exists, and that it is dangerous to its insidious influence has been provided. In the spring and summer, when fever and ague, remittent fever, and other periodical diseases of that class are prevalent, it is only necessary to fortify the system with a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters to escape them. If this precaution has been neglected, which it never ought to be in any district liable to such visitations, and if the paroxysms of malarious fever have actually commenced, they may always be checked and broken up by a course of that powerful vegetable tonic and alterative. Quinine was once considered the only specific for chills and fevers; but it is now generally admitted that this nauseous alkaloid is a dangerous medicine, and that its secondary effects are more to be dreaded than any form of intermittent fever. It is simply a tremendous straining, it does not touch the disordered liver, or regulate the bowels, or in any way improve the condition of the animal fluids. Hostetter's Bitters, on the other hand, in addition to fitting a better and safer tonic than any preparation of quinine, has a balsamic effect upon the whole system. It is a potent and anti-bilious, as well as directly purgative, and purifies the secretions as well as regulates the secretory organs. It stimulates the appetite, strengthens the stomach, soothes the nerves, promotes healthful perspiration, and induces quiet sleep. As a stomachic it has no rival. Cases of indigestion that no other tonic seems capable of alleviating, are cured in a few weeks by its regular use.

All people would undoubtedly prefer a fine head of hair grown upon their own heads, to being bald, or wearing false hair, and it has been the study of many of our learned men, to find a remedy to restore the hair when it has fallen out, and renew its color after it has become gray. Such a remedy has been found and is now offered to the world under the name of Hall's Vegetable Sillian Hair Renewer; and to verify this statement, read the following:—

This is to certify that I was very bald; in fact, my head was perfectly smooth; and it is common in my family to grow bald early in life. I have now used four bottles of Hall's Vegetable Sillian Hair Renewer, and the hair has grown out all over my head, and is now a natural brown.

**BARTELY CONLON.**  
Scipio, Jennings Co., Ind., May 28, 1868.

Personally appeared before me Bartely Conlon, and upon oath, says the above statement is true.

M. G. BUTLER, Notary Public.

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**Blank Waiver Notes.**

For sale at this Office.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

**For County Treasurer.**  
We are authorized to announce  
**ISAAC L. SWAN,**  
as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce  
**THOMAS L. WAKELEY,**  
as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce  
**E. L. WOODWARD, Sr.,**  
as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce  
**R. F. (Toke) HUGHES,**  
as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun County.

**For Tax Collector.**  
We are authorized to announce  
**Capt. C. W. BREWTON,**  
as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce  
**Mumfry Posey Whiteside,**  
as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce  
**M. B. C. SPRADLEY,**  
as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce  
**E. MCLELEN,**  
as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce  
**JAMES M. WEBSTER,**  
as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce  
**JOSEPH BORDEN,**  
as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce  
**JEROME B. SMITH,**  
as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce  
**W. F. JORDAN,**  
as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun County.

**For Tax Assessor.**  
We are authorized to announce  
**JOHN A. GLEN,**  
as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce  
**J. MICHELL MOORE,**  
as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce  
**W. F. HANNA,**  
as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce  
**HON. A. WOODS,**  
as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce  
**SAMUEL B. WHITE, Sr.,**  
as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce  
**A. B. LEBBETTER,**  
as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce  
**ALFRED MOORE HUGHES, Jr.,**  
as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun County.

**For Sheriff.**  
We are authorized to announce  
**H. J. (SEAR) MATTHEWS,**  
as a candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce  
**GEORGE W. WILSON,**  
as a candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce  
**D. F. SHUFORD,**  
as a candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun County.



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### "GIVE HIM A LIFT."

Give him a lift! Don't kneel in prayer, Nor moralize with his despair; The man is down and his great need Is ready help—not prayer and creed.

"The time that the wounds are washed and healed, That the Christly motives be revealed; But now, whatever the spirit may be, More words are but a mockery."

One grain of aid just now is more To him than tones of saintly lore! Pray, if you must, in your full heart: But give him a lift!—give him a start.

The world is full of good advice, Of prayer, and praise, and preaching nice; But the generous souls who aid mankind Are scarce as gold and hard to find.

Give like a Christian—speak in deeds; A noble life is the best of deeds; And he shall wear a royal crown Who gives "on a lift" when they are down.

### Daisy's Courtship.

The old fashioned kitchen door stood wide open, and the strong, sweet west wind poured through the paneled door, swaying in slow, graceful waves the blue muslin skirts of Daisy May's morning wrapper as she stood beside the table arranging a pile of stemless flowers in a shallow glass dish.

"Indeed, I'll never marry a farmer, auntie. I love the country well enough—here, at home, where nothing but the poetry of it falls to me—gathering flowers, drinking creamy milk, sketching shady spots, driving wherever I want to, and always sent luscious things to eat—and in winter rides and sleighing, and plenty of books and my music."

"And John Maurice?" Her aunt tacked the name very tersely at the end of the long list of attractions; then watched to see the effect on Daisy's face.

The pretty lips pouted charmingly. "Maurice! Oh, John's good enough of course; but—"

"It's a good thing you have got over your foolish attachment to him, Daisy, for he's going to be married soon. Engaged to one of the prettiest girls you ever saw—a Miss Winchester, visiting at Castledale."

Daisy's eyes grew a little darker, and then she elevated her eyebrows coldly. "He's engaged, is he? Oh, well, that's perfectly natural, I am sure. I suppose Miss Winchester did you say?"

I suppose she is a decided blonde, and petite?"

Daisy didn't say that Maurice had often sworn that there was no other style of beauty for him but Daisy's own.

"Oh, bless you, no! Miss Winchester is tall, almost as tall as John, and very stately, and a lovely brunette. Everybody thinks John a lucky fellow."

Daisy rose and took down her garden hat.

"I dare say he is—only I never could see what there was about those tall, dark women to captivate anybody. I'm going over to Minnie Castledale's while—may I?"

Mary watched the petite, graceful figure in the navy blue fowered cambric and white tarlatan shade hat, tied over the clustering, floating curls, and nodded her head wisely and smiled sweetly.

"You darling—you perfect darling—to come to see Daisy, I've been just dying to see you and have you at home again. We're going to have the most jolly time this summer, you know. The house is full, and there is Nellie Winchester especially I want you to know, and the handsome young officer on leave—Gus brought him up—Colonel Cressington; and we've impressed John Maurice;—and remember John. He's the handsomest fellow—beats the colonel, I tell you, and Nellie's just bewitched after him."

And Daisy laughed and assented, and declared she half remembered John Maurice, and was dying to see Miss Winchester, and intended inaugurating a flirtation at once with the military gentleman.

Minnie rattled on, as seventeen-year-old girls have a way of doing. "It's too bad! Nell's gone down to the city to-day to buy ribbons for the picnic—oh, you'll surely be here next Tuesday for our picnic at Eagle's Head, Daisy? I suppose John Maurice will take Nellie, and I am sure Colonel Cressington will be delighted to be your escort."

"Colonel Cressington will be happier than ever before in his life, if he may have that honor, Miss Minnie."

When her morning call was over, Colonel Cressington insisted on walking home with her, and Daisy permitted it—not because he was so handsome and so entertaining, or she so pleased with him, but because—well, she felt a little provoked at hearing so many praises of the lady to whom John Maurice was engaged; and somehow it made her feel better to flirt a little.

And, as if the very fates themselves were propitious, who should see and her gallant cavalier meet, face to face for the first time in three years to Daisy, but John Maurice!

John Maurice—so perfectly splendid in his clear, dark, manly beauty, his stylish clothes—everything just as it should be.

This John Maurice—and engaged to Nellie Winchester! Daisy's heart gave a bound as he extended a hand which she saw had a plain gold ring on the little finger.

And then she crushed all the joy she had felt at seeing him, and gave him her hand with a cool, graceful little bow.

"Daisy May! Is it possible? Why, you are prettier than ever, and—I declare, Daisy, I am awfully glad you're home again."

He was so easily familiar, so frank—and engaged to her?

"Thank you, Mr. Maurice, for your good will. I am glad to see you."

"It was very proper, very ladylike, but a shadow came over John's handsome face."

"I hope I shall see you often, Daisy. You'll be at the picnic on Tuesday? Cressington, keep that sunshine over her head. Good bye till I see you again."

His horse was prancing restlessly, and he was off like a dart and out of sight when Daisy bowed good-bye to her unformed gallant at the gate.

"What a handsome fellow John Maurice has grown to be, hasn't he, auntie?"

Daisy was sipping her coffee slowly that Tuesday morning—a cloudless June day, that the gods had arranged for the Castledale party's picnic, and Daisy, her lovely golden hair brushed off her forehead in loose burnished waves, and caught at the back of the head with pale blue ribbons, was impatiently trying to get through her toilet.

Her uncle buttered a slice of home-made bread with keen relish.

"You might travel a seven years' journey and not come across his equal. And he's lucky, too. He sold his interest in that railroad for ten times what he gave, enough to buy him the prettiest farm in the country—Edge Wire, and its stocked first-class, I can tell you. He's bound to make a fortune, and they say that Winchester girl'll bring him considerable."

"He'll never think of her money, he's not that kind of a man at all."

Aunt Mary stole a glance at the girl's face.

"John's a splendid fellow and his wife'll be the happiest woman going. I do say, Daisy, nothing would have pleased your uncle and I better if John had taken a notion to you."

"You should have said if I had taken a notion to John. But you see—I haven't."

She threw a kiss coquettishly, and vanished through the door to have a foolish cry up in her room before she reached herself.

And when Colonel Cressington drove up in his two horse phaeton, he thought he never had seen such a perfect picture of girlish beauty and happiness in all his life.

And Maurice dashed by in his chair with Nellie Winchester, radiant in white muslin and rose hued ribbons, in time to get a bow and gleaming smile from Daisy, and to think, with another of those shadows on his face that Daisy had seen before, that Colonel Cressington and Daisy were good—very good friends.

The long summer day had crept pleasantly along, and the lengthened shadows were warning the gay picnicers, it was time to be preparing to return.

Colonel Cressington and Nellie Winchester had strolled off arm in arm an hour before, and Minnie Castledale and a dozen others were lounging on the soft sward, gossiping, laughing and enjoying a dolce far niente generally, while Maurice was walking about unobserved, unremembered by the others, with his head bent down as if in close search for something lost—his ring that had until several minutes before he had not missed, and missing, had at once commenced to hunt for it.

Not that it was so valuable.

But a pained white look on his face that had been there at intervals all day intensified as he thought how dear that simple band was to him and why.

He went on and on, separating further and further from the party, until sobbing, low, indistinct, as if unsuccessfully suppressed, but unmistakable, attracted her attention, and a second's contraction in the direction he was going brought him in full view of Daisy May, with her head bowed on her hands and her frame convulsed with violent weeping, and glistening on her fair finger the circlet of gold for which he was searching.

Seeing him she sprung to her feet, and dashing the tears from her eyes said:

"I found your ring, Mr. Maurice."

She drew it off her finger and handed it to him, cling all the powers of an unhappy, foolish little head to aid her to make her strong and indifferent—who had been sitting there kissing and crying over John's engagement ring.

John took the ring, and holding it between his fingers and thumb, looked in her face, with his own pale and eager.

"Daisy, tell me you were crying because you love me. Is it so? Daisy, my only, my own darling. I almost dread to have your answer, for I fear it will be no. But—do you love me, my darling?"

A sudden glory flashed over her face, her very soul looking out of her eyes. Then her lips quivered piteously.

"Oh! John, how can you talk to me so? Nellie Winchester—"

He pressed her suddenly close to him and pushed her head down on his shoulder.

And with all her soul in the kiss she gave him, Daisy knew her heart was all rest in John Maurice's love.

That night it was announced in the Castledale parlor privately, of course, that the picnic had been a great success.

Colonel Cressington had proposed to Nellie Winchester and had been accepted, and Minnie confidentially whispered to Daisy:

"Wasn't it cunning? For Nell carried on with John Maurice just to try to make the colonel piqued, so that he would propose. That's the way I mean to do; don't you?"

And Daisy smiled and blushed, and stole a glance at John's happy face, and thought how good everything was.

### Varieties of Canaries.

The common canary is known throughout the civilized world, and is so common as to be cheap in all bird stores; but many of the varieties are rare, and very expensive: these varieties are mostly cultivated in England, however, where the song of a canary is not so much valued as its elegant shape or brilliant color.

Germany is the great centre whence the world is supplied with singing birds, and in Germany the business of raising the birds and getting them ready to send abroad is chiefly carried on in the villages among the Harz Mountains of Hanover.

The people there are miners and cattle-drovers, but, being poor, almost every family devotes its spare time to rearing canaries and making the little wooden cages in which they are carried to the distant railway station or sea-port.

The houses are small, but one corner of the principal room is separated from the rest by a light partition, and given to the birds for their own use, where, in cups, boxes, and gourd-shells, they build their nests and hatch their eggs secure from all harm.

When the breeding season is over, all the young birds are taken to Bremen or Hamburg, to be sent across the ocean to England, America, or away around to India and China. These young are made only in the winter, however, because it was found that in summer traveling the birds lost their voices and plumage; but that season is so cold and stormy that usually from a quarter to a half of the cargo perishes before reaching our shore.

So many birds are sent, nevertheless, that probably 25,000 came to New York last year from Europe. These are distributed through a large number of bird-shops in the city, and the deafening clasp which is kept up from dawn till dark by a hundred or so singing at the top of their voices in a single room, added to the din of small menagerie of other animals, is something surprising to one the first time he enters.

### The Charm of Simple Cooking.

English cooks overdo everything, and the great charm of a French dinner is the simplicity not of its dishes only, but even of its sauces. An English cook, for instance, puts butter into her apple sauce, and considers that every joint ought to be accompanied by three vegetables at least, if not by four.

The English host is never so proud as when he sees upon his table some gorgeous dish, such as a salmon à la Chambord, or a Normandy sole. Never carry a la Chambord, or club a la Chambord; if chub is to be eaten at all—is all very well; for lean and muddy fish require to be thus dressed up. So, too, when a sole is not quite so fresh as it ought to be, an ingenious cook will smother it with mussels, oysters, truffles, onions, mushrooms, and a hundred other such garnishes. But fresh salmon or a fresh sole, cannot be cooked too plainly and simply.

We spoil half our dishes by English barbarism. There is, for instance, only one way to eat artichoke; but at an English table artichokes are literally served as a vegetable with the meat. Asparagus is similarly desecrated. Salad is taken in conjunction with hot meat, and as often as not on the same plate; while the English idea of salad is that you cannot trust them together.

The result, of course, is that each neutralizes the flavor of the other, and what is a jumble of lettuce, onion, watercress, endive, cucumber, beetroot and celery, all mixed up together.

The French, who know better than this, allow some one herb to predominate distinctly in every salad. Too much art in cookery may be fatal to the little.—*London Examiner.*

### The Great Wall of China.

Kalgan commands one of the passes through the Great Wall of China. It is there built of large stones cemented together with mortar. It tapers toward the top, being twenty-one feet high and twenty-eight feet wide at the foundation.

At the most important points, less than a mile apart, square towers are erected, built of bricks. It winds over the crest of the mountains, crossing the valleys at right angles, blocking them with fortifications. The Chinese estimate its length to be about 3,300 but in parts more remote from Pekin the wall is of inferior construction. There is nothing but a dilapidated mud rampart, as Colonel Prejevalsky saw on the borders of Ala-shan and Kansu. It is said to have been built upwards of two centuries before Christ, to protect the empire against the hordes of the neighboring nomads; but the periodical irruptions of the barbarians were never checked by this artificial barrier.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

### Sponge and Sponging.

As is well known, sponge is a marine production; and the finer kinds have long been an adjunct to the toilet, the bath, the nursery, and in surgical operations. There are more than two hundred and fifty species. Until within a few years it has for a long time been questioned whether to class it among the animal or the vegetable kingdom. Naturalists now agree that it belongs to the animal kingdom. The finest sponges are always of a pale color, very soft and light, having very small holes. They are found in great abundance in the Mediterranean and adjacent seas, Turkey, Aleppo, and the Grecian Archipelago. Sponges adhere to the rocks at the bottom of the sea and the coast where the water is comparatively shallow. All the finer sponges are procured by diving. The fishing-grounds of Florida cover a wide extent of surface along the coast among the "keys" and adjacent islands. The principal grounds are Rock Island, a scope of land forty miles long by seven miles broad, and sixty miles north of Cedar Keys; St. Mark's eighty-five miles from Cedar Keys; Piney Point, seven miles south of Rock Island, and ten miles from Cedar Keys, extending fifty-five miles north to Anclote keys—a distance along the coast and islands of nearly three hundred miles. Sponging-fishing on this coast is of much greater magnitude and importance than is generally supposed. The number of vessels engaged is between seventy-five and one hundred, with an average crew of from five to fifteen men to each, and an average of three "dineys" to each vessel. A "diney" is a small boat used to gather the sponge, and is usually managed by two men. There are about six hundred men daily engaged in gathering when the weather is fair. Quiet weather and a calm sea are always taken advantage of. These dineys, when likely to be called into service, are towed Indian-style at the stern of the larger vessel.

Each sponger is provided with a sponge-hook, made of iron, with three prongs, a socket fitting on a pole one and-a-half inches thick and from eighteen to thirty-five feet long; also, a "water-glass"—a bucket with a pane of glass fitted in the bottom. This adds to the power of vision by excluding the light from behind, enables the sponger to penetrate with the eye at least ten or fifteen feet deeper into the water. The "sculler" propels the boat along very slowly. In the meantime the sponger sits hanging over the edge of the diney, with his head at the bucket held by the hand, and the eye penetrating the depths below, taking in all that passes within his line of vision. As soon as he sees his legitimate prey, he raises his sponge-hook with his right hand—in which he is assisted by the sculler—still keeping his eye at the glass, grasps the sponge, then puts aside the glass, and hauls it in. Frequently his sight is darkened and his view obstructed by the intervention of the monsters of the deep. A huge shark, a saw-fish, or perhaps an enormous devil-fish, and very often large schools of beautiful fish—Spanish mackerel, cavallie, "sailor's choice," "pompano"—pass beneath him in such numbers as to seriously interfere with his occupation. Again, his sight is regaled with lovely coral formations, deep fissures and grottoes, coral-lined depths. When a diney-load is gathered, the sponges are taken to the vessel—roots down, eyes up—where they die. This part of sponge-fishing is the most disagreeable, and causes the vessel to be almost unbearable, the sponges exhuming a bloody, slimy matter of most offensive odor—another and palpable evidence of their being things of life. When the vessel has completed her cargo, the sponges are taken to a "craw"—made of mangrove or oak-staves driven into the sea of some island—for about a week or ten days. The sponger then goes into the "craw" with a "bruiser"—a small paddle—and with a few strokes on the top of the sponges, clears them from the filth and skin, after which they are strung and ready for market.

### In Russian Hotels.

You are bound to enter a succinct but exhaustive autobiography in a volume kept for the purpose, and are compelled, under awkward penalties, to put yourself in intimate relations with the authorities. You are bound to make up your mind as to your plans, and you must purchase a *permis de séjour* or *de voyage*, good for a fixed number of days. If you overstay your leave, you do it at your peril, although you may have been the victim of circumstances beyond your control. Happily, this bureaucratic tyranny is freely tempered by bribery, another sign of a primitive society, and there are few officials so highly placed as not to be accessible to the Russian equivalent for backwash. The traveling arrangements are good on the great lines of railways, if you do not object to the most oppressive atmosphere in the carriages. But in the hotels out of the capital, comfort is unknown, and say nothing of luxury. Bedding is scarce and linen unobtainable, for in the most favorable circumstances you must content yourself with blankets. Thus at Nijni Novgorod, which is the seat of the great fair and frequented by all the high commercial aristocracy, the travelers found the best establishment utterly unscrupled and repellent of the fumes of stale tobacco. For a great part

of the year the Russian's chief idea is to protect himself against the inclement climate, and, as he seals the windows of the public rooms and conveyances, you involuntarily contact with him becomes anything but agreeable. We have no right to throw stones at other people in the matter of intemperance, and to the Russian climate may be attributed the quantities of coarse spirits that are allowed to correct the masses of oleaginous food. The consequence is, that, notwithstanding their staid frames, the natives are often sickly and despondent. Mr. Arnold tells us how he cured a couple of fellow-travelers on the Volga steamer by prescribing the opening of a chink in the cabin window and the shifting of their pillows from above the hot water pipe. But if furniture is scarce in the best provincial hotels, there is one class of ornament which is never wanting. The picture of some saint is sure to be displayed on the wall, with the lamp of domestic sacrifice perpetually burning beneath it. The provincial piety of the Greek Christian dog generates in most cases into











[illegible]







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LOCAL MATTERS.

Both editors attend the District meet-  
ing at Cross Plains this week and part of  
next.

Thanks for an invitation at the hands  
of Mr. Laddbetter for a visit to the Sun-  
day school celebration at West's on  
Saturday 26th.

Mr. Vinson brought in a tender young  
chicken Tuesday. Let others follow his  
example, and bring also mutton and  
spring chickens.

A member of the enterprising firm of  
Laddbetter & Co., Weaver's Station, drop  
in to see us one day this week. They  
keep a large and well selected stock  
of dry goods and groceries and give the  
best trade special attention.

Some friend in the neighborhood of  
Devotion, has sent the senior editor of  
this paper a little pickle, saying that he  
has understood that we lost some treas-  
ure some time ago, and thinks this is a  
hint, hoping some friend will send the  
balance. A pretty good joke, but not  
very fresh. However, we will keep this  
and all others sent on that score for  
good luck.

Monday the younger branch of the edi-  
torial staff of the Republican had his  
first Spring chicken of his own raising.  
It was delicious, and the fore runner of  
one hundred and sixty that are now run-  
ning about the yard or kicking around in  
pens under ill old hens. If people won't  
bring them into market, people living  
in market will be forced to raise them,  
that's all.

NEW INVENTION.—We have had in  
one several days a new Tin Churn Dash-  
er, invented by our ingenious townsman,  
Mr. W. W. Nesbit, and find it to per-  
form admirably. He has applied for a  
patent, and will doubtless obtain it in a  
few days. We would advise all who  
wish to save labor in the laborious op-  
eration of churning to call upon Mr. N.  
and obtain an explanation of the man-  
ner in which it works.

We have been pulled a bunch of  
wheat heads pulled at random from  
the field of Mr. Robert Alexander, one  
of our best farmers. These heads, now  
fast in bloom, measure seven inches in  
length. The wheat is about four feet  
high, and will probably reach five feet.  
The heads are bearded at the top, but  
did not leave the name of the variety.  
Nevertheless, some estimate of  
it, we think the wheat crop will be a  
fair average in this section, where it  
has been properly put in. No com-  
plaint as yet of smut or rust.

THE GRANGERS' SUPPER AND PLAY  
AT ALEXANDRIA.—It was rather a con-  
fidential party in our carriage that went  
to our Alexandria friends Friday even-  
ing on the occasion of the Grangers'  
supper, and performance of the drama  
of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room."

We enjoyed ourselves none the less for  
that, and fully appreciated the magnifi-  
cent culinary accomplishments of the  
good housewives of that lovely valley,  
and the dramatic talent of its accom-  
plished sons and fair daughters.

To say that the supper was good does  
not sufficiently express it, and we speak  
understandingly, for we made the entire  
length of the table. It was simply mag-  
nificent. We have been to many ban-  
quets spread by the proudest cities in  
the South, but never have we seen better  
cooking, though in some respects their  
may have been more extensive.

It is in expensive wines, game and  
fish. In all other respects it more than  
equalled any supper we ever attended.

The Drama, "Ten Nights in a Bar  
Room," is rather a poor play; but the  
actors got everything out of it possible,  
some of them rivaling the best pro-  
fessional stock acting on the boards,  
while Mr. Fleming, Misses Linder, Mrs.  
Cooper, Mrs. Miller and others would  
grace the boards as stars.

As barkeeper, Mr. Cooper was a suc-  
cessful—albeit he is a strict temperance  
man.

As a drinker Mr. Miller performed  
elegantly, for a gentleman who never in-  
dulges in the flowing bowl.

Other actors in the drama acquitted  
themselves splendidly. Our space for-  
bids a particularization of each charac-  
ter, but we must say that Willie Wood-  
ruff, Cal. Langford, Charley Martin, and  
S. H. McClellan, all performed their  
parts excellently.

T. S. Arthur, a milk and cider writer,  
and editor of the "Ladies Magazine,"  
is author of the story, "Ten Nights in  
a Bar Room." He published it in book  
form and made money out of it among  
the temperance people. It has been  
dramatized by some one, and put  
upon the boards as a temperance drama;  
but the play has never won its way in  
first-class theatres before critical audi-  
ences.

We all know in our own humble obser-  
vation a better and more touching tem-  
perance story than that told by the kid-  
gloved Arthur, from his slight observa-  
tion of the roughs of Philadelphia—we  
all know a better and more natural story  
than that, and one that touches the heart  
quicker. Let this poor drama be an-  
nounced for one more naturally conceived  
and more strongly written. It is so weak  
that a really strong and vigorous acting  
spoils it, like putting in too much rich  
cream into a cup of coffee that has barely  
leaved the grounds.

The String Band, composed of Messrs.  
Bush, Ezell, Sam Doss and others,  
discouraged most sweet music throughout  
the performance, and added greatly to  
the charms of the play.

Mr. Emmet Crook, as manager, con-  
ducted the whole affair so well, and with  
so much credit to himself, that one  
unacquainted with him would have sup-  
posed him direct from Booth's or Wal-  
ter's in New York.

COUNTY INTELLIGENCE.

CORN GROVE.—We are needing rain  
very much at present. Wheat has im-  
proved lately. Oats are suffering for a  
general shower. Good stands of cotton  
and corn generally.

An abundant peach crop. Very few  
Apples.

Health of the country good. \*\*\*

RABBIT TOWN.—Our farmers are well  
up with their work at present—thanks  
to the favorable weather and their in-  
dustry.

The prospect for a fruit crop here is  
very promising, especially peaches.  
McRoberts' saw and grist mill, includ-  
ing about 2000 feet of lumber, was en-  
tirely consumed by fire on the night of  
the 10th; the work of an incendiary.

Regular monthly services, including  
communion, was held at the Rabbit  
Town church on the 12th and 13th. In-  
teresting discourse each day by Rev. W. E.  
Mountain, pastor.

Whit Whiteside's stock of bees have  
increased to the tune of sixteen swarms  
this season. He is the most successful  
bee raiser in our community.

DELTON DEFREES.

MARSHALL.—The weather is warm  
and dry.

Mr. J. M. Carroll has returned from  
Tennessee.

Mr. J. F. Walker had thirty acres of  
cotton hoed by the 12th inst.

Those using the Carrol Cotton Planter  
secured a better and earlier stand than  
any other planters used in the same  
fields. It is simple, cheap and efficient  
in work.

Rev. Mr. Quinn, of Oxford, delivered  
an excellent discourse on the Power and  
Demonstration of the Spirit, at Post Oak  
Church on Sunday, 18th inst.

A Union Sunday School, with Rev.  
Wm. Cobb as Superintendent, has been  
organized at Union Church.

CANE CREEK.—The crops in this sec-  
tion are generally in good condition.  
Corn is generally small, but looks green  
and thrifty. Cotton has been looking  
very sick for several days, but we at-  
tribute that to the universal condemna-  
tion made on farmers for planting it, or  
something else. It is thought the wheat  
crop will be very short. Spring oats are  
looking very fine. The oat crop will be  
very much needed in this section. The  
gardens are generally very promising.

The general health on the creek is very  
good. A goodly number of us had the  
pleasure of attending the Grange Con-  
cert at Alexandria last Friday night.  
We found it to be an eminent success.  
The supper, of which we were made the  
happy recipients of, we deemed unsur-  
passable. The play was very entertain-  
ing. This efficient manner in which  
Miss Mantie, Alice and Lizzie performed  
their parts achieved for them the eulogy  
and compliments of the entire au-  
dience. The actors all acquitted themselves  
with great credit; and, in short, all we  
have to say—Grangers, give us a chance at  
another one. GREEN.

Attention Grangers.

The Calhoun County Grange meets  
with the Calhoun Grange at Oxford,  
Thursday May 24. A full attendance is  
respectfully solicited as there is im-  
portant business to transact.

F. W. SMITH, Master.

Owing to unavoidable circumstan-  
ces PYLE & WHITLEY have failed to be  
here with their automatic churn, but  
will be here in a few days.

A California Lynching.

From the San Francisco Post, May 3.—The murder-  
ers of De Forest—Francisco Arias and  
Jose Chamalis—were this morning found  
hanging from the upper cross-beams of  
the upper San Lorenzo bridge, dead,  
their hands and feet being tightly bound  
with hay ropes. Night before last men  
were seen in the orchard back of the  
jail, but no attempt was made to break  
the prisoners; the people concluded that  
the law would be allowed to take its  
course. At two o'clock this morning the  
jailer and under sheriff were surrounded  
by a mob of men. These men broke  
open the jail yard door and obtained  
from the officers the jail keys. It is sur-  
mised that the prisoners were placed in  
this horrible position to place of ex-  
ecution, the reason being driven from  
under them after the "hangers" around  
their necks had been fastened to the  
beam above. This morning the people  
gathered in large numbers, but there  
was no excitement. The regret was  
expressed that a lynching law should be resorted  
to in this horrible way, and that the  
community, a city in which no one has  
been executed without due process of  
law since 1838. There was a feeling of  
security manifested, and a general relief  
that life was no longer endangered by  
the existence of two so desperate assassi-  
nators as these stretchers. Chamalis  
was executed within six yards of where  
he was born, and at the time of his death  
was twenty-one years of age. He was  
sent to the State Prison from this county  
for three years for the robbery of widow  
Rodriguez. He broke jail, was rearrested  
and served out his term, his time  
expiring in March last. Last Monday  
he was brought to this place, and con-  
fessed all in the presence of four wit-  
nesses. According to his statement,  
Arias came to the house where he was  
and asked him to accompany the speaker  
to the circus; that he replied that they  
had no money, and that Arias said they  
would get some; that they went to the  
locality where De Forest was killed, and  
De Forest coming along, Arias  
killed him; that De Forest not stop-  
ping, Arias fired again. De Forest falling;  
that they remained in the willows till all  
was quiet, when they dragged the un-  
derman across the road. His pockets  
were robbed, they getting \$3. Arias  
kept \$5.50 of the amount, and they went  
three miles of age, and born near Pasadena,  
he still having relatives residing in this  
county. For murdering a sheep herder  
in San Luis Obispo he was sent to State  
Prison for three years, his brother having  
been sent there for life for the same  
crime. For robbing the house of P.  
Murphy, of Waterville, he was sent to  
State Prison from this county for two  
years. For a time he denied the mur-  
der of De Forest, but on being closely  
cross-examined, indirectly admitted the  
crime. By request of Chamalis they  
were put in different cells.

GADSDEN, May 9, 1877.  
Editors Jacksonville Republican.—In  
traveling over the State, and especially  
the northern part, I find a great many  
people very badly dissatisfied in regard  
to the medical work entitled the Family  
Physician. I send you a few lines to  
publish for their benefit, if it seems good  
in your eyes.

FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

The agents for this mighty book,  
Our thresholds would not pass;  
But with a grudge and serious look,  
Would fill our minds with gas.

They told, and told, and told,  
What great things were in it;  
And showed how many they had sold,  
If you'd but wait a minute.

The money, it would save so much,  
And time for going to town;  
For no where on this earth had such  
A book been found.

Yourself, your children, and your wife,  
Our horses, and your cattle,  
'Twould cure you all—insure your life—  
O how their tongues did rattle.

The Doctor, you would never need  
To ask him for a thought;  
If you would only take good heed  
To what the great book taught.

All manner of disease it cures,  
And costs you but the price;  
The measles and the whooping cough,  
Rheumatism and phthisis.

The people anxious much to save  
The income of their toil,  
And to avoid an early grave,  
The agents got the spoil.

The people got the famous book,  
The agents got the pay;  
They turned its leaves about, to look  
For that much better way.

The Bible for a while lay still,  
The law against all manner;  
The new book now their minds doth fill  
To overflow with gain.

For while it doth profess to give  
Disease no general name;  
By searching well among its leaves  
We find much balderdash.

But while it cures you of disease,  
From chickenpox to measles,  
It kills your rats too, if you believe,  
By sowing of your measles.

The honest folks who bought the book,  
Not bothered much with mice,  
Would think themselves in big old luck  
To sell for half the price.

For when they have a pain or ache,  
The book—they think they'll find it;  
Which says go to the woods for herbs,  
But there they cannot find it.

To such for time to come we'd say,  
When agents come to see you;  
Just let them bark and bark away,  
But never let them see you.

They come with mouths as soft as wool,  
With tongues both slick and fuzzy,  
And when they get you crammed with  
pals.

They will crowd out your money,  
D. A. W.

A SONNET.  
TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O, warblers of thine solemn bird of night,  
Thy notes doth reach the true Prime  
then fire.

Which is bursting to Orpheus' lyre,  
That fills the soul with rapture and  
delight.

What pleasure more, or sweeter thoughts,  
Or might  
My soul desire than those thy notes  
inspire?

What more than sadness can my heart  
desire,  
When melancholy fancy's fitters ignite?  
Along the deep and dark-hued coast's  
shore

In mid-night's shades and dreary hours,  
I hear  
These mingles well thy notes with ocean's  
roar.

Which chills the soul and makes the  
world seem drear;  
Yet, the world I love not less, but hatred  
more;

And long for melancholy thoughts since  
CANE CREEK, ALA., May 12, 1877.

PAT MCCARTY.

O, Ireland! rejoice, you're another Moore,  
He sits on the banks of Cane creek,  
And plays the fiddle there.

Though his music is slightly weak,  
Yet is strong, he's very hearty—  
His name is Pat McCarty.

Come, Ireland, take your part home;  
Make his brilliant genius known;  
Or we shall claim his royal name,  
And share his illustrious fame.

Pat gives us vulgar news;  
Thus thought his kinsman Moore,  
Of English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,  
But Pat has none of his classic lore.

What a pleasure to be wise—  
To write poetry about lovely eyes,  
And thus win noble fame,  
By responding to the same.

Pat, you are a splendid poet,  
And only—you know how,  
Still you need a rhyme, more,  
You say, and something more.

Martin's X Roads, May 3th, 1877.  
Ploving.

The first thing a stranger, who knows  
anything of farm life, notices when he  
comes to this country, is the style of  
furnishings and the character of the plow-  
ing done in the field; and in most cases  
he goes away impressed with the fact  
that the majority of the farmers in Ala-  
bama know nothing of the nature of the  
soil and of the draft horses. The plows  
and horses are too light for farm work.  
The soil will make it if it is stirred deep,  
if it is plowed shallow it will wear out. Air  
and rain principally feed and keep alive  
cleared lands will wear out without cul-  
tivation. It does not require a crop to  
take it out of the soil, but a single land-  
ing will eat out the soil, and if it is  
a clay-bank or sand-bank without culti-  
vation, if it remains open or clear, you  
may try it and find it to be so. There is  
a philosophical reason for it. The only  
salvation for soil on cleared fields is  
deep plowing. The lower soil must be  
turned up, to catch breath and food  
from the air and water. For this pur-  
pose heavy draft horses are necessary.  
The horses which take the premiums at  
our fairs are not worth having on a farm;  
like their owners, they are generally  
worthless to society and a drag upon  
wealth and prosperity.

There is philosophy in this question  
of plowing; but as it is intended these re-  
marks for practical farmers, we tell  
them in plain words that they are  
getting poorer every year by shallow plow-  
ing, for two reasons: The first is, be-  
cause the soil is getting thinner; the  
second is, because whatever you plant  
will be fed from the soil, and if the  
ground is not stirred deep enough the

grain will flourish and starve before it  
matures. We hear farmers talking ab-  
out the small field of wheat when they  
expect to do much, as the stalk looked  
healthy early in the season. Gentlemen,  
there was not sufficient nourishment  
for the grain, and this was because the  
ground was not plowed deep enough.  
Plow deep, break up well with a har-  
row, and plow your wheat in. Never  
think of harrowing wheat in the light  
soil of Alabama. If you do the head  
and grain will be small—if, in fact, the  
crop does not turn yellow before it ma-  
tures.

To secure the success of the farm it is  
essential to know how to plow. Deep  
plowing will regulate the fertility, but  
deep plowing will not amount to much  
in a year. It will require several years  
to be felt.—Ashville Regis.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Have your fancy work, Chromos  
& other Pictures framed at Green's  
Gallery. Nice Moulding just re-  
ceived. Call for Photographs \$3,  
50 per dozen. Gems 8 for \$1.00.  
Babies 1 single pictures, 50 cents.  
Sewing Machine needles. 60 &  
75 per dozen in assorted papers.

WORTH KNOWING!  
For ONE DOLLAR you can  
buy at the RED STORE

1 lb best cable twist tobacco,  
Or 1 bunch factory thread,  
Or 25 lbs nice brown sugar,  
Or 20 lbs pearl grits,  
Or 32 adamantium candles  
Or 10 lbs choice rice  
Or 5 lbs oriental Java coffee,  
Or 12 bars full weight olive soap,  
Or 2 sets heavy tumblers,  
Or 2 sets goblets,  
Or 1 large glass pitcher,  
Or 5 pt bottles fresh pickles,  
Or 20 nice fresh mackerel,  
Or 24 papers garden seed assorted.

We do not claim the title of the  
DOLLAR STORE, but we pro-  
pose to give you as much value for  
your money as can be had in this  
or any adjacent market.

AT THE RED STORE  
you will always find Meat, lard,  
Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Flour, Corn,  
Corn-meal, Crockery & Glassware,  
Lamps, Lamp fixtures, Buggy &  
Wagon Harness, Saddles, Bridles,  
Whips, Trace chains, Backbands,  
& every thing in the grocery or  
harness line at rock bottom cash  
prices. Harness and Saddle repair-  
ing a specialty.

Maddox & Privett will give you  
groceries or anything they sell for  
your clean cotton rags.

Those PEANUTS & HOM-  
INY at Maddox & Privett's 20  
lbs. for one dollar are perfectly  
splendid with gravy.

Full weight 1 lb. plugs TOBAC-  
CO at the Red Store for 15 cents  
each.

La Estrella Fija is the brand of  
the finest light cigar in town & for  
sale at the Red Store.

Fresh Tomatoes at the Red Store  
20c per can, who are going to  
get the small lot of fresh tomatoes  
coddish at Maddox and Privett for  
10c per pound call at once or  
miss the bargain.

Harness and saddle making and  
repairing done extremely low dur-  
ing the dull season.

MADDOX & PRIVETT.

THE THOROUGHbred JACK  
JOHN

will stand at office for \$8 installment.  
L. C. O'BRIAN,  
Ladiga, Ala.

Blank Land Deeds  
AND  
Deeds of Trust.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.  
Waiver Notes, neatly and correct-  
ly printed, for sale at this Office at one  
dollar per hundred.

CROP LIGN BLANKS  
Constantly on hand at this office, as well  
as all Magistrate's Blanks.

TEACHERS' MONTHLY REPORTS  
Six month's supply at this office for 25c.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Extract of a letter of Dr. Louis F. Davis,  
Sparta, to Rev. L. F. Davis.

Dear Bro. Davis: Excuse me for writing  
only when I am deeply interested. I have  
been speechless about two months. Could  
not read and pray in a chilly, had tried  
many things. Got no benefit from any.  
Since conference some one sent me from Am-  
erica a bottle of Thrash's Consumptive  
Cure and Lung Restorer, which I have been  
taking now for the last month, and I can  
now write with ease. I came here, a-  
mong other things, to supply myself with  
this medicine. No drugstore here has it on  
sale. I must have it. I want you to go in  
person to Thrash & Co., show them this let-  
ter, and make them send me by express to  
Sparta, Ga., two, three or four bottles, with  
bill. I am getting on finely.

(Signed) LOUIS F. DAVIS.  
Filed by Dr. W. M. NESBIT, Jackson-  
ville Ala.

ELEGANT HAIR is woman's crowning beau-  
ty. When it fades, she fades as well. While  
it is kept bright, her personal attractions  
are still maintained. By preserving the  
hair fresh and vigorous, a youthful appear-  
ance is continued through many years.  
Those who grieve over their fading hair  
turning gray too early should know that Ay-  
er's Hair Vigor prevents it, and restores  
gray or faded hair to its natural color. It is  
a clear and healthful preparation, contain-  
ing neither oil, dye, nor any thing deleteri-  
ous, and is the only scalp wash that is  
needed—a sense of pleasant and delightful  
freedom from dandruff or dirt.

New York City (N. Y.) Times.

MAJOR'S OFFICE,  
JACKSONVILLE, ALA.,  
May 7th, 1877.

The tax-payers of the Town of Jack-  
sonville, are hereby notified to call on  
my office and assess their taxes for the year  
1877.

J. D. HAMMOND, Tax Assessor.

may 17-20.

"BLUE MOUNTAIN ROUTE."  
Selma, Rome and Dalton Railroad,  
Taking Effect Sunday, April 6, 1877.

6:10 a.m.	Leave Selma	Arrive 9:30 a.m.
7:58 "	" "	" "
9:28 "	" "	" "
11:38 "	" "	" "
12:40 p.m.	Leave Selma	Arrive 1:05 "
12:50 "	" "	" "
1:35 "	" "	" "
2:58 "	" "	" "
3:07 "	" "	" "
3:27 "	" "	" "
4:15 "	" "	" "
4:25 "	" "	" "
5:10 "	" "	" "
6:45 "	" "	" "

Through Sleepers will run from Vicks-  
burg to Lynchburg, without change.  
Connecting at Dalton with E. T. V. &  
Ga. R. R. for Eastern Virginia cities. Vir-  
ginia Springs, and with W. & A. R. R. for  
Chattanooga and all western cities.  
Close connection at Calhoun for Montgom-  
ery, Mobile and New Orleans.  
Close connection at Selma with Ala. Cen.  
R. R. for Meridian, and with Ala. R. R. for  
Vicksburg, with good sleeping accom-  
modations.  
M. STANTON, RAY ENIGHT,  
Gen. Supt. Gen. Pass. Agt.  
April 7, 1877.

Cross Plains High School.  
Rev. G. B. RUSSELL, Principal.  
Miss ANNA CLEAVLAND, Assist.

This School for Boys and  
Girls, located at Cross Plains,  
Calhoun county, Ala. is now in  
successful operation.

All branches systematically taught.  
Young men prepared for Junior or Senior  
class in College.  
Good decorum and thorough instruction  
the motto of the Teachers.  
Cross Plains—situated on the Selma, Rome  
& Dalton R. R. is easily accessible from all  
parts of the country, and is one of the most  
healthy and moral communities in the State.  
Good Sabbath School and church privileges  
every Sabbath. No liquor sold in the place.  
Parents may have a splendid opportunity  
of giving their children a good education,  
and at the same time have them surrounded  
by moral influences.  
Board can be had at from \$8 to \$10 per  
month.

Rates of Tuition per month.

First class	\$1 50
Second "	" 2 00
Third "	" 3 00
Fourth "	" 4 00

PUPILS charged from the time they enter  
until the close of session, except in cases of  
protracted sickness. Mar. 17-20.

PIMPLES.  
I will mail (free) the receipt for prepar-  
ing a simple VEGETABLE BALM that will re-  
move TAN, FRECKLES, PIMPLES and  
Blemishes, leaving the skin soft, clear and  
beautiful. Also instructions for preparing a  
luxurious growth of hair on a bald head or  
smooth face. Address: Ben. Vendell & Co.,  
Box 5121, No. 5, Webster St. N. Y.

Dec. 30-31.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.  
This advertiser, having been permanently  
cured of that dread disease, Consumption,  
by a simple remedy, is anxious to make  
known to all who need it, the receipt and  
directions for making the simple remedy by  
which he was cured. Persons wishing to  
profit by the advertiser's experience can do  
so by addressing in perfect confidence,  
JOHN L. FLETCHER, 42 Cedar St. N. Y.

Dec. 30-31.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years  
from Nervous debility, premature decay,  
and all the effects of youthful indiscretion,  
win, for the sake of suffering humanity,  
and free to all who need it, the receipt and  
directions for making the simple remedy by  
which he was cured. Persons wishing to  
profit by the advertiser's experience can do  
so by addressing in perfect confidence,  
JOHN L. FLETCHER, 42 Cedar St. N. Y.

Dec. 30-31.

LIVERY & SALE STABLE.

HAVING bought the entire hal-  
f interest of J. W. Fullender in the  
stock and outfit of the late Hammond &  
Fullender's Stable, we will continue the  
same business place, and hope that by fair  
dealing and reasonable charges to merit a  
liberal share of patronage. A stable is an  
indispensable necessity to all villages, and  
we hope our citizens may give us sufficient  
patronage to make the stable self-sustaining.  
We will also continue the mail line



*[The page contains faint, illegible markings and a large dark vertical smudge.]*

for County Offices.  
for State Offices...  
Communications  
Candidates charged as  
**Rates of**  
One square of 10 lines  
One square six lines  
One square twelve lines  
One-fourth column  
One-fourth column  
One-fourth column  
One-half column  
One-half column  
One-half column  
One column three lines

Those who want  
 employment, can  
 reasonable advice  
 a lawsuit, with  
 and other evils a  
 preventive is woi

W. M. HAMES.

**HAMES**  
**Attor**

ATTORNEY  
JAC  
J. D  
SURG  
JAC

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# Jacksonville Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOLUME XLI.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1877.

WHOLE NO. 2093.

## THE REPUBLICAN.

EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

J. F. & L. W. GRANT.

Terms of Subscription:

For one year in advance \$2.00

For six months in advance \$1.00

For three months in advance \$0.50

For one month in advance \$0.10

Terms of Advertising:

One square of 10 lines or less, first insertion \$1.00

Each subsequent insertion \$0.50

Over one square counted as two, etc.

Advertisements charged at advertising rates.

Marriage notices \$0.50

ANNOUNCEMENT OF CANDIDATES.

For County Offices \$5.00

For State Offices \$10.00

Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

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One square of 10 lines, three months \$4.00

One square six months \$7.00

One square twelve months \$10.00

One-fourth column six months \$3.00

One-fourth column twelve months \$5.00

One-half column six months \$5.00

One-half column twelve months \$8.00

One column six months \$10.00

One column twelve months \$15.00

A. WOODS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

M. J. TURNLEY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND

SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,

Jacksonville, Alabama.

Will practice in Calhoun, Cherokee, Cleburne, DeKalb, Etowah and Talladega.

He trusts his long experience and extended practice will enable him to be useful to those who confide their business to him.

Those who want legal advice, without further employment, can consult him at any time for reasonable advice free; and thereby often avoid a lawsuit, with its train of troubles, expenses and other evils arising therefrom. An office of preventive is worth a pound of cure.

WM. M. HARRIS, J. M. CALDWELL,

HARRIS & CALDWELL,

Attorneys at Law,

No. 7 Office Row, Jacksonville, Ala.

Prompt Attention given to Collections.

may 15-1877-1y

C. C. ELLIS, JOHN T. MARTIN,

ELLIS & MARTIN,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

No. 7 Office Row, Jacksonville, Alabama.

Have associated in the practice of their profession, and will attend to all business connected with them in the counties of the 15th judicial circuit, and adjoining counties in the supreme court of the State.

may 15-1877-1y

H. L. STEVENSON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

J. D. ARNOLD,

SURGEON DENTIST

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

All work executed in the most durable and scientific manner.

Charges very moderate.

may 25-73-1f

Sea-Squirts.

There are various means of defence among animals. Some have horns, some depend upon their teeth, some upon their strength, others upon their agility, and yet others upon their cunning. There is a little inhabitant of the sea, seen at low-water mark, not more than an inch long, which employs a sort of squirt-gun, when it is touched or irritated, to protect itself from harm. It is called the sea-squirt; and the body itself is a squirt-gun, or can turn itself into that when necessary. It has no legs to run with, nor fins to swim with, and is fastened to a rock by a sort of stem; so it can only squirt water at a disturber of the peace.

It is shaped like a bottle, and is covered by a skin of tough, leathery texture. This outer skin has a very delicate lining or membrane, composed of muscular fibres, and it is by the sudden contraction of these, that the animal is enabled to eject the water, a continuous flow of which passes through its breathing sac or lungs.

This stationary sea-squirt has relations of a higher order, forming a sort of nobility among sea-squirts, who swim about in the sea. Of this superior class, there is a species which exists in a connected state, a whole family of squirts joined together. This is an interesting branch of natural history, worth studying by the young.

According to a German analyst the composition of an old bronze weapon, supposed to be about two thousand years old, has been ascertained to be 90 parts copper and 10 parts tin, proving that tin was known to the ancients.

The number of individuals entitled to wear the cross of the French legion of honor is about 57,000.

## WORK AND WAIT.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Forty days and forty nights, Blown about the broken waters, Noah and his sons and daughters; Forty days they beat and blowed; Forty days of faith, and lo!

The olive leaf, the lifted heights, The rest at last, the calm delights.

Forty days of sun and sand, Sorrento, boasts, and wilderness, Desolation and distress,

War and famine, wall and woe— Forty years of faith, and lo!

The mighty Moses lifts a hand And shows at last the Promised Land.

Forty days to fast and pray, The patient Christ outwore the devil, The angry tempter at his side.

Forty days or forty years— Of patient sacrifice and tears—

Lo! what are all of these the day That time has nothing more to say?

Lift your horns, exult and blow, Believe and labor. Tree and vine

Most flourish ere the fruit and wine Reward your planting. Round and round

The rocky walls, with faith profound, The trumpet blow, blow loud, and lo!

The tumbled walls of Jericho.

—Independent.

## Margie's Promise.

The boat-house was completed. It was roomy and substantial, though the spiles on which it rested infringed upon Neptune's watery domain. The young gentlemen who composed the club had issued invitations for a social entertainment, and our story commences upon that evening.

It was a unique affair, the more enjoyable for its accessories. The shells, tapering to a long, very thin, delicate point, from a centre large enough to hold a full-grown man, were drawn up in their polished completeness and fastened to the ceiling. Here and there a dainty silken banner caught the light, a trophy of some member's victory in a friendly trial of skill. Flags draped the walls, giving the needed touch of color to the oaken beams. A gayly decorated barge floated upon the surface of the broad river, at the option of any party who desired a moonlight sail.

Two young stranger guests were standing beside the stairway leading to the dressing room improvised for the occasion, noting the arrivals.

A young lady entered, leaning on the arm of a gentleman. As she left her escort and ran lightly up stairs, she flashed a swift glance from under eyes so large and lustrous, that Bert Evans involuntarily quoted the words of the poet about "sunshine in a shady place," as he stepped impulsively forward.

His friend laid a restraining hand upon his arm.

"Softly, old fellow—not too fast. The girl is a beauty, I'll allow, but—she is spoken for. I know Mr. Livingstone, and he's an engaged man. Put two and two together, eh?"

Bert's face expressed volumes as he said: "I never yet was struck with a girl's face but what it had to be the same old story—engaged!"

Wait laughed.

"Try if he's a foeman worthy of your steel; in plain English—try to cut him out."

Bert's indolent face kindled with sudden fire.

"If anyone else but you had said that, Walt, I'd take it as an insult. A girl who would be faithless isn't worth a second thought."

During the evening Bert Evans and Margie Eustace were introduced. He was a handsome fellow, brimful of romance, and something in the expression of her large, wistful eyes put him into his mental to entertain her in a very different way from his usual conversation to a young society belle. Nostalgic commonplace left his lips, but instead they talked of poetry and her twin-sister art.

Through it all he was conscious of a subtle undercurrent of sadness, like the minor tone which oftentimes thrills its plaintive meaning through some bewitching strain of music.

In this chivalric idea of woman the rumor of her engagements made her seem as inaccessible as was the distant moon whose silver crescent shone above him as they stood upon the balcony.

After a time he resigned her to her escort, and could not but notice the change in her manner. She had seemed so interested and animated, and had smiled so merrily at his witticisms; but in Mr. Livingstone's society she seemed a veritable ice-maiden.

For days after the girl's face dwelt persistently in his mind, and at last drew him to the city where she lived. He thought another meeting might prove the haunting memory of her beauty, to have been over-drawn by fancy, and thus lay it to rest.

Mrs. Eustace was sitting in her room. Her handsome, manly face wore a look of depression which was foreign to it. Her disposition was so sunny that a sigh from her awoke an echo through the family—it was a sound so unwelcome.

Her present uneasiness was not without cause.

Her precious Margie, her only child, was strangely changed. Her moods were variable. Sometimes she would not smile for days, and then a fitful gaiety would take possession of her, as natural to her evenly poised nature as it would be to hear the song of a canary

from the throat of a nightingale. All this gave the loving mother food for serious thought.

The door opened suddenly. Margie came in, and handed her a letter and a package.

She was flushed and nervous, but her manner was decided as she said: "Mother, here is a note I have written to Mr. Livingstone, to tell him that I wish to be released from my engagement. This package contains his ring. I will never wear it again."

"Margie! You cannot mean it! An engagement is not to be put off as easily as you would a glove. My little girl cannot find it in her heart to treat a loyal gentleman so capriciously."

She laid her hand gently on Margie's head and smoothed its dark locks tenderly as she spoke.

"Mother," she answered sadly. "I have been coming to this resolution for months. I respect Mr. Livingstone, but I do not love him."

"Do you realize, child, that it is a sin to trifle with a human heart? You are betrothed to him and it is too late to say that you do not love him. You should have decided earlier."

Margie broke in excitedly. "It means life or death to me! The more I see him the less I like his society. I have never allowed him the slightest caress, and the thought of a kiss from him—"

"Margie!" "It is true! And if it had not been for you and papa we would never have been engaged. I told him that I did not love him at the very first, and he said if I would promise to be his wife, friendship would change into a warmer feeling, and if it did not he would be satisfied, if I did not—love—another."

She hesitated, and her voice sank to a low, plaintive tone which went straight to her mother's heart. She drew the girl to her and kissed her soothingly.

"Tell me the whole truth. Do you love some one else?"

Margie hid her face on her mother's breast. It was enough. Mrs. Eustace asked to know no more.

The painful interview was ended by the mother's promise to see Mr. Livingstone and break the truth to him as gently as possible.

Mr. Livingstone read Margie's frank, straightforward letter. The girl's heart was full of pity, notwithstanding her decision; and she said if it would make him any happier, she would promise to remain single, and thus atone for occasioning him the pain of rejection.

He turned very pale as he read. After a moment's thought he turned to Mrs. Eustace:

"Tell Margie she has done right. I do not blame her. A marriage without love is a mockery, and I thank her for her frankness. Tell her also that it is but right in her to make some little atonement for what she has caused me to suffer. I accept her promise in the same spirit as it is made."

Tears came to Margie's eyes when her mother brought this letter to her, but the tears of youth are but April showers, and her eyes, like the violets, shone all the bluer for them; and her voice soon rang out again with all its old joyous melody, as she tilted from room to room arranging and re-arranging them with an interest which had long been wanting.

Sometime after this Bert and Margie met at a party. He had been making inquiries about her, and had just heard of the broken engagement. He said:

"I hope Miss Eustace is justifiable in her action. I cannot imagine that she could do wrong. She always seemed to me to be raised to a higher altitude than other girls; but from my heart I despise a jilt."

He raised his voice unconsciously, when a warning touch upon his arm checked him. He turned and saw—Margie.

Her large eyes were full of reproach. She had evidently overheard his last words.

He tried to make amends for his incautious speech, but Margie knew the secret of her wayward heart, and her maiden delicacy was swift to erect barriers against his betrayal.

Bert was as much charmed with her character on further acquaintance as he had been at first by her beauty, but as time passed on he was in despair. He could not understand her. She was a "rose-bud" of a girl, but most certainly was set about with wilful thoughts.

At last an accident told him the truth. They were invited to join a gay yachting party. While at the height of enjoyment a playful little child overbalanced himself and fell into the water. Without a moment's hesitation Bert sprang in and succeeded in grasping him as he rose to the surface. Climbing with his insensible burden into the yacht, the boom swung around and struck him on the temple.

Eager hands caught the child from his arms, and kept him from falling back into the water. They laid him, pale and apparently lifeless, upon some cushions brought hastily from the cabin.

Margie's reserve was forgotten in her anguish. She knelt beside him regardless of the surrounding company, and called him endearing names in low passionate tones.

Her voice recalled him to life. He opened his dim eyes, and smiled faintly; then, with a long quivering sigh, sank back into unconsciousness.

As the yacht turned homeward, a mournful quiet replaced the merry-making; for Bert was a great favorite. He was taken to his rooms and a cap-

ble nurse procured. He lay for weeks vibrating between life and death. At last the crisis came and he began to mend slowly.

Margie's passionate words, as she thought him dying, had echoed through his mind during his illness, and had helped to lure him back from the world of shadows which had peopled his delirium.

He called one day and asked to see Margie. Tears filled her eyes as the poor, pale young fellow rose to meet her, and poured out his heart's desire in a flood of eloquence.

She clasped her hand so tightly together as she listened, that she left the imprint of her nails in the tender palm.

"Mr. Evans, you make me very unhappy. I hope nothing in my conduct has led you to make this proposal. If so, I am a cruel, wicked girl! For I cannot marry you."

"Do not give me an answer now. I will wait—any time—if you will only let me hope."

Bert was still weak from his illness, and his voice broke—the disappointment was too great. He sank into a chair and covered his eyes with his hand. He was so pale and attenuated, so different from what he had been.

Margie stood a moment, her face agitated by conflicting emotions; then she made a resolve.

"Mr. Evans, I am bound by a solemn promise to one who unselfishly released me from my engagement. I shall never marry. I hope you will forget that such a girl as Margie Eustace is in existence. I seem fated to make all who love me wretched."

Bert rose to his feet:

"Answer me one question. Did I dream or was it your voice which recalled my senses when I was so nearly dead?"

He was answered by the sudden tide of crimson which dyed the girl's face. He saw that she, too, was suffering, and he would not make her trial any harder to bear.

"Thank you; I shall carry away into exile the thought my love was not an unvalued gift. Good-bye; God bless you!"

Margie had struggled for calmness, as much for Bert's sake as for her own, but she burst into a passion of tears as the door closed upon him. Her promise should be faithfully kept; but her love for Bert was stronger than life, and she knew that "good-bye" was a final parting.

Two or three weeks after she received a farewell letter from him, written on the verge of his departure for Australia. It was better than this. The wider the distance between them the less chance of a painful meeting.

Time rolled on. Margie, in a quiet way, was happy. She found too many duties to attend to in the miniature world of home, to spend her time in useless laments.

It was fully five years since she had received Bert's farewell letter, and during that time she had not heard from him. She had passed from her "teens" into her "twenties," and "sweet sixteen" began to call the beautiful girl of twenty-three—old maid. But more discriminating eyes thought her more interesting at that age than when younger.

One day a gentleman called and sent up his card. As she read the name—Bertram Evans—her heart gave a wild throb. What could his errand be?

She went into the parlor. A tall, bearded man came forward to meet her—no longer the slight boyish-looking Bert of her remembrance.

He held her hand, as his eyes rested lingeringly on her face. Then he gave her a letter and withdrew to a little distance while she read it. What were her emotions as she read:

"MARGIE!—It was a severe test to give a young girl, but you have stood it nobly. I thought it was right that you should suffer a little as well as myself; but I now think it proves that such selfishness showed me to be unworthy of a woman's love."

I absolve you from your promise, as freely and fully as time has freed my heart from pain.

Evans is my dearest friend, and it is through his tender care and nursing that I live to tell you this. I have heard the story of his love, and hope that his long waiting will be rewarded.

Your friend, THADDEUS LIVINGSTONE.

"Margie!" She turned as in a dream. Their eyes met.

"My own darling," murmured Bert's deep voice, and Margie's sigh of content, as her lover drew her to his bosom, told of happiness too deep for words.

Disappointment and Success.

When poor Edward Keen was acting in barns to country bumpkins, barely finding bread for his wife and child, he was just as great a genius as when he was crowding Drury Lane. When Brougham presided in the House of Lords, he was not a bit better or greater than when he had hung about in the Parliament House at Edinburgh, a briefcase and suspected junior barrister. And when George Stephenson died, he was the same man, maintaining the same principle, as when men of science and of law regarded as a mischievous lunatic the individual who declared that some day the railroad would be the King's highway and mail coaches would be drawn by steam.

When our hatred is violent, it sinks us beneath those we hate.—Rochester.

## A Lowly Life.

What a brave privilege it is to be free from all contentions, from all envying or being envied; from receiving and from paying all kinds of ceremonies!

It is, in my mind, a very delightful pastime for two good and agreeable friends to travel up and down together, in places where they are by nobody known, nor knowing anybody.

It was the case of Aeneas and his Achaete, when they walked invisibly about the streets and fields of Carthage. Venus herself

"A tell of thickened air around them cast that none might know, or see them, as they passed." The common story of Demosthenes' confession, that he had taken great pleasure in hearing a tinker-woman say, as he passed, "This is that Demosthenes," is wonderfully ridiculous from so solid an orator, I myself have often met with that temptation to vanity (if it were any), but am so far from finding it any pleasure, that it makes me run faster from the place, till I get, as it were, out of sight-shot.

Democritus relates, and in such a manner as if he gloried in the good fortune and commodity of it, that, when he came to Athens, nobody there did so much as take notice of him; and Epicurus lived there very well, that is, lay hid many years in his gardens, so famous since that time, with his friend Metrodorus; after whose death, making, in one of his letters, a kind of commemoration of the happiness which they two had enjoyed together, he adds at last, that he thought it no disparagement to those great felicities of their life, that, in the midst of the most talked-of and talking country in the world, they had lived so long, not only without fame, but almost without being heard of; and yet, within a very few years afterwards, there were no two names of men more known or more generally celebrated.

If we engage into a large acquaintance and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the invaders of most of our time; we expose our life to a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now as for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honor that lies in that; whatsoever it be, every mountebank has it more than the best doctor, and the hangman more than the lord-chief-justice of a city. Every creature has it, both of nature and art, if it be any ways extraordinary. It was as often said, "This is that Bucephalus," or "This is that incitatus," when they were led prancing through the streets, as, "This is that Alexander," or, "This is that Domitian;" and truly, for the latter, I take incitatus to have been a much more honorable beast than his master, and more deserving the consulship than he the empire.

I love and commend a true, good fame because it is the shadow of virtue; not that it doth any good to the body which it accompanies, but it is an effluvia shadow, and like that of St. Peter, cures the diseases of others. The best kind of glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from honesty, such as was the glory of Cato and Aristotle; but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man whilst he lives; what it is to him after his death I cannot say, because I love not philosophy, merely national and conjectural, and no man who has made the experiment has been so kind as to come back to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a person who has a moderate mind and fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world besides, who is esteemed well enough by his few neighbors that know him, and is truly irreproachable by anybody; and so, after a healthful, quiet life, before the great inconveniences of old age, goes more silently out of it than he came in (for I would not have him so much as cry in the exit); this innocent deceiver of the world, as Horace called him, this *mota persona*, I take to have been more happy in his part than the greatest actors that fill the stage with show and noise; may, even than Augustus himself, who asked with his last breath, whether he had not played his farce very well.

These are only a few of the reforms and changes Hygeia is to show the world. Naturally the dram-shop is to be abolished, and even tobacco comes under ban. Hygeia is pre-eminently the city of health, of course, each one at his pleasure can to the doctor's ideal art-gallery, concert-rooms, opera houses, lecture-rooms, libraries, public parks, handsome shops, gay equipages; and as health would obviously fill the streets with the blooming faces of happy men and women, the picture, it will be seen, is a fascinating one—and yet, fascinating as it is, there is nothing in it which is not entirely practicable.—Appleton's Journal.

Revenge.

Banish all malignant and revengeful thoughts. A spirit of revenge is a spirit of the devil, than which nothing makes a man more like him, and nothing can be more opposite to the temper which Christianity designs to promote. If your revenge be not satisfied, it will give you greater torment now; if it be, it will give you greater torment hereafter. None is a greater self-tormentor than a malicious and a revengeful man, who turns the poison of his own temper in upon himself.

Music washes away from the soul the dust of every day life.

mentary felicities as honest rulers and clean streets; but it is no reason why we should not thoroughly enjoy reading and thinking of cities of the millennium. The latest ideal of this nature is the city of Hygeia, drawn in charming lines and fascinating colors by Dr. Richardson of London. Hygeia is, of course, a model city of health. A physician of long study and observation would be sure to let his imagination dwell on cities where perfect sanitary regulations banish fever, wise forethought render epidemics impossible, and wholesome food and healthful habitations hold all disease in mastery check. The Utopian cities of poets, artists, merchants, or pleasure-seekers, would naturally be of different conditions; yet poets, artists, merchants, and pleasure-seekers, would all be glad to have the healthful charm of Hygeia incorporated in their own visions. Health, obviously must be the corner-stone of all true Utopias.

In studying Dr. Richardson's plan for a model city, readers here must be struck by the many suggestions which have been anticipated by American builders. "All the streets of Hygeia," says Dr. Richardson, "are wide enough to admit of cheerful sunlight and fresh air, and rows of trees are planted between the foot-ways and carriage-ways." This picture would naturally occur to one, familiar with the narrow and treeless streets that so abound in European cities. "All the interspaces," quoting again from the description of this ideal Hygeia, "are laid out in gardens; then all the larger houses are provided with lifts, up which provisions and stores are to be carried; hot water from the kitchen boiler, and cold water from tanks, are to be distributed by means of pipes into the sleeping rooms; every floor or story is to have a sink for waste-water, "whereby the carrying of the uncomfortable slop-pail up and down stairs is rendered unnecessary; every floor has an opening into a dust or ash shaft, which descends to a dust-bin under the basement of the house; on the landing of the middle or second story is a bathroom supplied with hot and cold water; all domestic offices of every kind are to be within the four walls of the building. These details of domestic comfort, generally found in recently built houses in leading American cities, prove how much in certain particulars European dwellings are behind our own—a fact which every traveling American has discovered.

But if in certain domestic details we have anticipated Hygeia, our cities in many things most emphatically show the need of a little wholesome planning and dreaming. In Hygeia, there will, we are told, "be no occasion for those unsightly concomitants of London sanitation, scavengers' carts. The accumulation of mud and dirt in the streets is washed away every day through side-openings into sub-ways." In New York it is the too frequent absence of scavenger-carts that we have to deplore; in truth, if we could reach the height of London or Paris neatness in this matter, we should almost fancy we were already abiding in Hygeia.

Among other features of the new ideal city, we find the garden on the roof, which readers familiar with *Appleton's Journal* will affirm is not original with Dr. Richardson; then the kitchen is to be placed at the top of the house where "hot odors, being lighter than common air, pass away without contaminating the living and sleeping apartments." If the kitchen is to be placed under the roof, which we admit is a good situation for it, then gardens on the roof would hardly be agreeable as a pleasure-resort, charged as the atmosphere would be with the redolence of the kitchen. The roof-garden in this case would be a prime place for early peas or green cucumbers. By placing the kitchen and offices at the top of the house, the doctor is enabled to erect his dwellings on arches of brickwork, "which form channels of ingress for fresh air, and of egress for all that is to be got rid of." In the way of travel and transportation, a railway beneath each main street is to be constructed for heavy commodities, but no tramways are to cut up or obstruct the roadways. Railways beneath, cabs and omnibuses above are to suffice.

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Revenge.







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